

The Evening World

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THE LAST PASSENGER PIGEON.

ANNOUNCEMENT that the last wild American pigeon known to science died in captivity at the Zoological Garden of Cincinnati on Sept. 1 should not pass unnoticed even in these days when the last European soldier known to war lords is in danger of dying in his turn.

The beautiful bird called by the vulgar a wild pigeon, but spoken of respectfully by men of science as *Ectopistes Migrarius*, was one of the wonders of early America, and down to a time within the memory of men now living was a fruitful source of stories as lovely as his plumage and of guesses wilder than his flight.

Mayne Reid wrote a story about a number of men passing the autumn in a country house up the Hudson who divided one day into two parties and laid a wager as to which would kill the largest number of wild pigeons before sundown. The victors won the contest according to Mr. Reid by going over to West Point and borrowing a howitzer, which they loaded with birdshot, and were thus enabled to kill several thousand at a lick.

The story will raise a smile, but the fact that Alexander Wilson, the ornithologist, estimated a single flock of wild pigeons which he once saw at 2,230 millions will change the smile to a gasp of amazement. This feeling in turn must give way to one of faith when it is recalled that a French traveller, Baron de la Hontan, reports that flocks of wild pigeons devastating the crops around Montreal were at one time so immense and innumerable and indestructible by ordinary means that the Bishop was constrained to exorcise them with holy water as if they had been demons.

Therefore, while we may lament in sentiment the passing of the last passenger pigeon, we have good cause to rejoice that nature did not fit him to adapt himself to civilization and stay with us like the grasshopper.

A TAX OF MUCH POTENCY.

WORRIED into wisdom and into action by the fact that his townsmen talked so much about war and hard times as to prevent the raising of a desired fund for a local business college, the Mayor of Barwick, Ga., has procured the enactment of an ordinance that any one convicted of talking of hard times or discussing the war in public shall be fined \$25; the fines to be used to form a fund for advertising the town.

A tax of this kind in a small town is of little moment. The very announcement of it will probably give the town more free advertising than the fines could ever pay for. But enforced throughout the nation it would have wonderful possibilities. In making up the new schedules for the war tax Congress might well take it into consideration.

WORDS BETWEEN FRIENDS.

SECRETARY DANIELS has conferred a favor upon the public and benefited history by telling the story how Secretary Bryan, in discussing with the Japanese Ambassador one of the diplomatic issues between Japan and the United States, met the Ambassador's question, "Is this the last word?" with the prompt reply: "Baron, there can never be a last word between friends."

The whole history of diplomacy will have to be searched long and well to find a finer or happier phrase than that. Mockers at grape juice diplomacy and Chautauque statesmanship may say what they will, but this phrase will live as an expression of Americanism in international relations so long as diplomacy exists at all.

Well would it have been for Europe a few weeks ago if in Austria or in Germany there had been a Secretary of State who, instead of an ultimatum, could have assured Serbia or Russia or Belgium or Great Britain that there could be no last word.

Long talk is tiresome, but it does not fatigue like war.

IMPROVING BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

AFTER inspection of the penal institutions of New York City the State Prison Commission recommends among other changes that the penitentiary and the workhouse be removed from Blackwell's Island. The reasons given are that so long as the penitentiary is so near the city it will be impossible to prevent the smuggling of drugs to the inmates, and that the workhouse in its present condition is "a kind of bucket into which the smaller offender is carelessly dumped and left to fester and stew for periods of from a few days to six months."

The recommendations are good, but full and final improvement on the island will never be attained until all forms of penal institutions are swept from it and the whole area converted into a park for a popular pleasure ground. The island affords not a single advantage for penitentiaries, workhouses or hospitals, but it affords a hundred for a park. The extent of it, the nearness to crowded populations, the water surrounded shores, all make it an ideal site for just such a playground as New York needs. Since, then, it is recommended to remove some of the penal institutions, why not remove them all and be done with it?

Letters From the People

The Canal Problem.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Referring to S. L.'s canal problem, I submit the following solution: Moving toward a meeting point, the boat from Albany at the rate of three miles in two hours and the boat from Syracuse at the rate of five miles in four hours. I find that jointly they will cover the entire distance they will cover in two hours and ten minutes, which is a saving of one hour and ten minutes over the present time of three hours and ten minutes.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is a born citizen of the United States, whose parents are of any race, eligible to become President?
J. G. D.

"Holy War."

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By Robert Minor



The Jarr Family.



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TELL you, old man, we're not prepared for company to dinner," Mr. Jarr protested to the affable Dinkston. "Besides," he added gruffly, "there's the dollar I just lent you. Go get dinner with that."

"Why this scorbidity at manner?" asked Mr. Michael Angelo Dinkston in surprise.

"Well, I told you we had a false alarm of fire and the water damage."

"The very time you need the advice and counsel of some disinterested friend," interrupted Mr. Dinkston.

"We don't need the advice imparted at the dinner table," replied Mr. Jarr.

"Dinkston, for your own good, I advise you to keep away from our damaged home. You are a fine fellow with my wife, anyway."

"But what man knows the mind of his own wife? Instead of frowning at Mr. Jarr for bringing Mr. Dinkston to the water-damaged domicile, and instead of treating the unpaying guest with chilly hauteur, Mrs. Jarr's face

lighted up and she cried joyously: "Oh, Mr. Dinkston, I'm so glad to see you! I wanted to see you so badly!"

Mr. Jarr's jaw dropped. Wonders never cease, of course; but to have wonders burst right in your face, so to speak, is too much!

"Sit right down!" Mrs. Jarr went on. "I know you won't mind the terrible condition of everything. You are fond of gyping, and, as I said to Clara, Madridge-Smith, 'It's just like gyping to be living in a house with the ceiling falling in and with the paper soaked off the walls and everything in a ruin. Of course, we are really not living here, you know; we are stopping around with friends.'"

"Mr. Jarr and I have just been in looking over the damage. The children are stopping at old Mrs. Dusenberry's—such a good hearted old soul, even if not of the caste of Vere do

Vere, as Tennyson says. But I'm so glad to see you. Take a chair. No, not that one—it's all come unglued. Nor the other, for the gold paint rubs off since it got such a soaking."

"Yes, now that you have lost everything, you have found yourself!" rhapsodized Mr. Dinkston. "You are beginning to realize that having everything to live for is only having everything to work for; that it is not possession that gives pleasure, but endeavor."

"Why, of course! Of course!" said Mrs. Jarr, talking away at Mr. Dinkston without listening to what he was saying at all. "Mr. Jarr got up such a beautiful inventory of everything that we destroyed, and really the value of everything was surprising, and it seems we have lost over so many things I can't remember we had."

"But then a calamity like a terrible fire comes with all the water they pour all over you and little while being saved by being lowered out of the front window and up in my silk piano cover, instead of waiting down the stairs, and Mr. Jarr pushing down the piano cover at the when I got it at a bargain for \$25.00, and although I was ready to cry when I saw how much the damage came to, still the insurance people said it was nothing, and I do hope your prices won't make any great difference, for Mr. Dinkston, the dealer, stopped on the street and advised me not to lose money by all the trouble we had been through, and said he regarded even our broken-down piano as a valuable antique, and he was willing to buy it for \$10.00."

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Mrs. Jarr Welcomes a Human Wreck To Her Own Happily Wrecked Home

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